

neere Caska, haue an eye to Cyma, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus looke theer not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Heere will I stand, till Caesar passe along,  
And as a Tutor will I giue him this:  
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue  
Out of the reach of Emulation.  
If thou reade this, O Caesar, thou mayest liue;  
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:  
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,  
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:  
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:  
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.  
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?  
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Caesar doth, what Sutors presse to him.  
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:

I heard a busling Rumor like a Fray,  
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,

To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar, as to heare me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-

wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,

Much that I feare may chance:

Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:

The throng that followes Caesar at the heeles,

Of Senators, of Prators, common Sutors,

Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:

He get me to a place more voyd, and there

Speake to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize.

Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:

Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exit.

### Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyma, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I Caesar, but not gone.

Art. Haile Caesar: Read this Scedule.

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O Caesar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite

That touches Caesar neerer. Read it great Caesar.

Cas. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.

Cas. What is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Cass. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cass. What enterprize Popillius?

Popil. Fare you well.

Brut. What said Popillius Lena?

Cas. He wish't to day our enterprize might thrive:

I feare our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Looke how he makes to Caesar: marke him.

Cass. Caska be sodaine, for we feare preuention.

Brutus what shall be done? if this be knowne,

Cassius or Caesar neuer shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

Brut. Cassius be constant:

Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes,

For looke he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cass. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus

He drawes Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cymber, let him go,

And presently presse his suite to Caesar.

Brut. He is adrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. Caska, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,

That Caesar and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar

Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate

An humble heart.

Cas. I must preuent thee Cymber:

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,

To thinke that Caesar beares such Rebell blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,

Low-crooked curties, and base Spaniell fawning:

Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,

I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To

To sound more sweetly in great Caesars eare,

For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brut. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar:

Desiring thee, that Publius Cymber may

Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cas. What Brutus?

Cass. Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:

As lowe as to thy foote doth Cassius fall,

To begge enfranchisement for Publius Cymber.

Cas. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,

If I could pray to moue, Prayers would moue me:

But I am constant as the Northern Starre,

Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the Firmament:

The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,

They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:

But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the World: 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,

And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensieue;

Yet in the number, I do know but One

That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,

Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little shew it, euen in this:

That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,

And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cin. O Caesar.

Cas. Hence: Wilt thou liue vp Olympus?

Decius. Great Caesar.

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

Cas. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Cas. Et Tu Brute?—Then fall Caesar.

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,

Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cass. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out

Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted:

Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cas. Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Brut. Where's Publius?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of Caesars

Should chance —

Brut. Talke not of standing. Publius good cheere,

There is no harme intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them Publius.

Cass. And leaue vs Publius, least that the people

Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Brut. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,

But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cass. Where is Antony?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were Doomed day.

Brut. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time

And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.

Cas. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,

Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Brut. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:

So are we Caesars Friends, that haue abridg'd

His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,

And let vs bathe our hands in Caesars blood:

Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,

And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,

Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cass. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence

Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,

In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Brut. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompeyes Basis lye along,

No worthier then the dust?

Cass. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,

The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cass. I, euery man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles

With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.

Brut. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Antonies.

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,

And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;

Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:

Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lou'd him:

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolu'd

How Caesar hath deseru'd to lye in death,

Mark Antony, shall not loue Caesar dead

So well as Brutus liuing; but will follow

The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this vtrod State.

With all true Faith. So sayes my Master Antony.

Brut. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,

I neuer thought him worse:

Tell him, so please him come vnto this place

He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor

Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Brut. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.

Cass. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde

That feares him much: and my misgiuing still

Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Brut. But heere comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lye so lowe?

Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,

Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.

I know not Gentlemen what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:

If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit

As Caesars deaths houre; nor no Instrument

Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich

With the most Noble blood of all this World.

I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,

Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,

I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.

No place will please me so, no meane of death,

As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Brut. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs:

Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,

As by our hands, and this our present Acte

You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

— And